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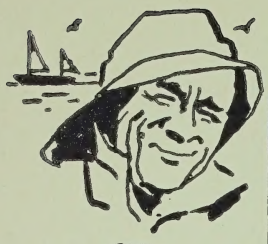
MOUNTAIN—

—ECHOES

"DOMINION DAY"

July 1953



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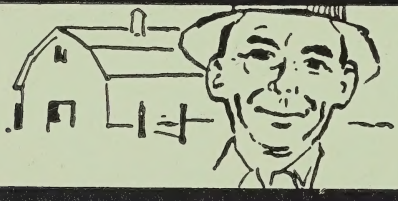

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Warden

MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of Major-General R. B. Gibson, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is desired to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, to serve for the promotion of useful thought and activity within the institution.

No articles of a scurrilious or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice, will be published. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration.

We are indebted to Bulman Bros. printing firm of Winnipeg, for the use of the color 'cuts' on our cover and for the 'cuts' in this issue. Our thanks also to Judge Hamilton who on our behalf, made this arrangement possible.

editorial

Millions of words have been written about the crimes and acts committed by men confined behind our prison walls. Words that have brought ostracism from society. The thief, the bank robber, the safe cracker, the insane; these are society's outcasts who are feared, shunned and despised. But rarely is it ever mentioned or put forth in it's true light the brutalities performed by some of our policemen in our cities. Usually, when they are written, they they are placed before the public as feats of heroism. For under the disguise of the conventional blue uniform, badges and revolvers indicating law and order, they are exonerated of all wrong-doing.

Sidney C. Smith, in his article, "Trigger Happy," compares the methods employed by two police forces in separate cities very effectively. Each administration was faced with a similar situation. One method used was cruel, barbarious and stupid. While the other was sensible and the only logical solution. It is indeed unfortunate that the itchy finger of one constable, who took justice in his own hands, can cast reflections upon the efficiency of all Police Forces.

July 1st. 1953. Dominion Day. Canada's birthday! In the year 1867, Confederation of Canada came into being and a new era for the Canadian people was born. The. . . . well, you might find the article on page 10, so ably written by Armand Seguin, interesting and informative.

"What can we write about?" is a question that has been asked the editorial staff of MOUNTAIN ECHOES time and time again by inmates with a desire to write. In this issue, we hope that question can be answered.

A boxing card, field day, plus baseball activities have held the spotlight this month. Along with other articles and our regular monthly features, we sincerely hope that you will enjoy the July number.

Mountain Echoes

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"The Cliff Rose" (inside cover)

The emblem on our cover represents Canada's coat of arms.

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TRIGGER HAPPY!

Many commit the same crimes with a very different result, One bears a cross for his crime; another a crown

by S. C. Smith

The picture that I am looking at as I write this article shows two police officers of the Mackayville, Quebec police force. They are standing in all their glory; drawn revolvers; their uniforms spick and span; not a hair out of place. Yet, according to the caption they had just finished killing an unarmed man, unarmed that is, by comparison as to how they were armed. He had a knife; they had firearms capable of firing six shots with deadly effect. These shots were fired with deadly effect, but not until one constable had conveniently left the scene for reinforcements. The remaining constable, minus any witnesses whatsoever, killed the victim and justified the killing with his own story. Their pose as they stood waiting for the photographers to finish was perfect, all that was lacking were the movie scouts.

The reason for this killing seems somewhat mysterious to me. A man had been involved in some family quarrel or other with his father who was some sixty years of age and wished to marry a much younger woman. Apparently the son disliked the idea intensly. I am not too concerned about the quarrel, but to make a long story short, the son, in a fit of rage, threatened his father with a knife and succeeded in inflicting a slight cut on the head.

The elderly man immediately ran for the police. Two of Mackayville's finest, arrived fully armed to find the house in a shambles with the son still ranting and raving. Faced with this desperate situation, these two stalwart fellows decided they needed reinforcements to disarm or even disable one desperado. One of the gendarmes left in a hurry to contact his chief and line up strategy, no doubt. Whilst he was searching for his superior officer several things happened ....according to the other stalwart of the law. The fellow with the knife decided he didn't like policemen and made improper advances in the direction of the lone constable on duty. This constable immediately did two things: he first fired what he called, a warning shot into the floor and then one dead-center into the knife-wielder killing him instantly.

The point I can't quite grasp is this. A target the size of a man, at five feet distance, takes a lot of missing even for an amateur, which we presume the police are not. The constable

in a modest statement to the press said, and we quote: "He was walking towards me and so I fired a warning shot into the floor. He kept on coming and when he was about five feet from me I shot again at him." What puzzles me is just why the constable didn't fire at the man's legs or arms, thereby disabling him for future reference and what is more important, saving his life. Instead a man was deliberately killed. There is no other explanation for it.

By comparison, we had a similar situation arise in Winnipeg a short time ago. A man ran amuck in much the same manner. However, the results were somewhat different. No one was killed; the man was apprehended and what is more important, no one got their picture in the paper with drawn revolvers. The Winnipeg police adopted a more sensible approach. They left the party concerned, alone in the house. They then fired tear gas into the structure forcing him to vacant into their waiting arms and the case was closed.

Possibly there is a shortage of tear gas in Quebec or else there is too much ammunition on hand. I feel that the police have a job to do, but they are also charged with saving lives if possible and they certainly didn't try too hard in this case. They can make headlines out of shooting a raving knife-wielder if they wish, but I for one, feel that they could have contributed much more by disarming the victim and proving their ability without resorting to the use of firearms. The press dispatch stated that the two policemen concerned were back on duty after a few hours rest... Rest from what?

It doesn't require much mental or physical energy to shoot a man down at a distance of five feet, so why the rest? Will their superiors wonder as to why they had to resort to killing the man in question? Because if they do not, and they do not teach these constables the proper use of firearms, they probably will shoot at everything in sight at the slightest provocation. That's the point that worries me. If you can kill a man and make the headlines, pictures and all for so small a reason, then woe betide anyone who is unfortunate enough to gaze in what may seem to be a threatening manner at a policeman in Mackayville, Quebec, or anywhere else... Don't take their pictures, take ther guns, at least until they know how to use them.

A pickpocket is a man who generally lives alone but occasionally goes out in a crowd for a little change.

In twelve years a man can forget many things. But can he recall them all in the twelve seconds he stands, undecided, at the crossroads ----IF HE'S LUCKY!

INTERLUDE by NIGHT

by Dutch *via Raiford Record*

The lights from the diner cast an eerie, lifeless confusion of light and shadow through its rain-marked windows and onto the sidewalk outside. A solitary approaching car slowly illuminated the street in front of the diner, suddenly plunging the scene again into darkness as it sped away into the abyss of night, its engine throbing and echoing among the deserted buildings lining the street.

The man stood in a shadow across the street watching the interplay of shadow and light with preoccupied interest. The misting rain glistened on the cheap topcoat that covered his slender body, as an occasional bead dripped from the brim of the soggy felt hat pulled low over his grim face.

He shivered once or twice, involuntarily, as he plunged his hands deeply--- resolutely --- into the pockets of his coat; his eyes hungrily following the comings and goings at the diner. His hand tightened comfortably around the cool steel in his pocket seeking to clutch something tangible something that would bring a touch of reality to the rainy scene before him. Not much of a gun, he reflected. Probably won't fire if I pull the trigger? Oh well, what the hell do you expect for six dollars? Probably won't have to use it --- damned few heroes when a gun is pointing at 'em. Just have to bluff them that's all.

His thoughts flashed back to this morning. This is the day he had been looking forward to with sharp expectancy and illogical hope for so many years--- twelve years to be exact. Now that the day was here everything was unreal, strange, awkward; almost as if he were dreaming all this instead of standing here shivering in this cold half-rain.

The events of the morning flashed through his mind for the hundredth time; the warm handshake, the misty-eyed good-bye with Rick, his friend and buddy for several years---his cell partner for the last six of them. He'd sure as hell miss Rick!

There was that breakfast he hadn't really wanted and had hardly tasted; the casual words of goodby and good luck from long-time acquaintances; the struggle with the 25-cent strangeness that was his new necktie. He recalled the Warden's hand-shake and

smiling words of encouragement, and the ten-dollar bill.

Yes, the ten-dollar bill! Let's see, a quarter for a pack of cigarettes, fifteen-cents for a bottle of beer, thirty cents for a movie ticket, and six dollars for what could loosely be called a pistol. Three dollars and thirty-six cents left. Not much of a start after twelve years, with no friends and no clothes-- nothing of his own in this new, unaccustomed world outside the walls.

What'd the warden say? "You're going to find some things out there you may have forgotten about in the past twelve years, things like love and affection and happiness, things you've not had much reason to remember in here. Don't pass them up or let them scare you, for if you can find them you can do anything you want to do."

What baloney! That was for the square-johns finishing their year-and-a-day sentence, not for thieves like me. Hell, he didn't shake my hand when I went in!

Fishing a cigarette from that crumpled pack, he fumbled with a match and inhaled deeply. The joint was almost empty now. No point in waiting any longer.

Thrusting his hands deep into his pockets he strode quickly across the street and entered the diner. His eyes took in the room professionally with a single glance. Where had that girl at the end of the counter come from? He hadn't seen her go in.

"What'll it be, Mac?"

"Coffee."

He stirred the hot, thick liquid absently as he watched the counterman ring up his nickel and move unobtrusively across ths room. Just as soon as the girl leaves I'll take this guy, he said to himself. Hell of a score-- twenty thirty dollars maybe. Not like the old days.

Back to the coffee.

The music of a woman's laughter forced its way into his consciousness Funny, he thought ironically, long time since I heard a woman's laugh. Something strange about that laugh too. Not unusual, but important because it held warm overtones of that love and happiness the warden was talking about. The laugh was almost an echo, the echo of a promise -- unfulfilled.

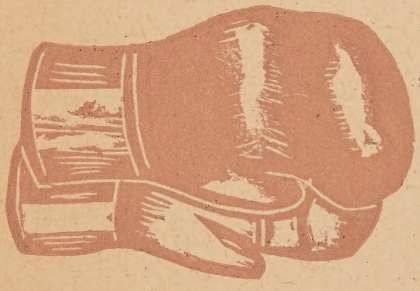
Wonderingly, he again looked back at the couple, just in time to witness a quick, tender kiss--- not taken and given, but shared and appreciated, He turned back to his coffee quickly, embarrased, as the girl rose and sauntered slowly toward the door. Maybe this guy is lucky. How do I know?

Well, almost time now. Didn't think I'd have stage fright on a petty-larceny job like this. Felt the same way I do now before that bank job in '31---just before the job when Fred begged us to call it off. He must have had a hunch that his number was nearly up. Maybe I've been away too long---TWELVE YEARS! Well, next job I'll be O.K. I'll get rid of all the butterflies in my stomach on this one.

The sharp, staccatto taps of the girl's heels grew faint in the wet, echoing stillness outside, then died away completely. The only sounds now were jumbled restaurant noises and the loud

(cont'd on page 24)

THREE CHAMPIONS NAMED



by S. R. Cooper

Amid a minimum of pomp and pageantry the Coronation Boxing Card provided local fisticuff enthusiasts and armchair professionals with a wide variety of boxing skills and with a promise of bigger and better things to come. If said card can be used as a yard-stick for our nation's future, then good Queen Bess II reign will surely be a turbulent one.

The first match of the afternoon brought together Ray Lee and Kid Ramage with Lee the winner on a split decision. The Kid was thoroughly out-boxed, although short on experienced, he was certainly long on courage.

Bout No. 2, saw Creed and Blackie Papp exchange pleasantries for three fast and furious rounds. Both boys put on a crowd - pleasing exhibition with Papp catching the eye of the majority of judges.

BEVINS MOST COLORFUL.

Bout No. 3, on the card was for the Light-Heavyweight crown of the club, and brought together such worthy participants as "Beer Barrel" Papoose and Kenny Bivins. This one proved to be a dandy with the "Beer Barrel" doing the majority of footwork and would-be flag waving and Bevins doing the punching, with the result that it was Bevins all the way. Nice going, Champ, you gave full valve for your win.

WHEN IS A WINNER NOT A WINNER?

Then came Bout No. 4, and Snafu No. 1. Three rounds for the Heavyweight crown between "Tuffy Dodds

and "Big Chief" Benning. All during the bout, the crowd sat tense with anticipation. This was to be the battle of the century. But something went wrong. Somehow, somebody slipped a bicycle into the ring for "Tuffy" and he lost no time making use of it, with the result that the "Chief" was unable to catch him---ergo---not much of a fight---Then came the snafu---- Official decision---a draw??? In the past we have read millions of words and heard various opinions of the Dempsey - Tunney famous long count. We have read and continue to read of the loud and long wailings about a rumored short count of the last Walcott- Marciano battle. But the so-called no decision bout we saw here will undoubtably be re-hashed, re-fought and the topic of range banter for many months if not years to come. Please, don't ask me who won... I couldn't care less...but even Maurice Smith at ringside picked a winner on this one and believe me that is saying a lot.

"Toy Bulldog" Toomey and Marcel Cote went four torrid rounds for the Welterweight title, with Cote emerging as the most worthy participant. The bout supplied the crowd with a pleasing and sportsman-like display of boxing which had both boys hanging on the ropes at the final bell.

The feature attraction of the day found "Blackie" Houde pitting his ring knowhow against Ron Brothers for the Middleweight crown. This bout was of five rounds duration and proved to all that boxing is not, as some people are prone to think, all luck. Brothers started fast and strong and seemed to be the master of the situation during the early part of the fight, only to tire and leave himself open to devastating left hooks to the face and body. At the final bell, Brothers was a very, very tired fighter and bleeding freely around the right eye. Houde gained the nod on a split decision and takes his rightful place along side the other local champs. A. Wilson and H. Ceretti handled the refereeing chores. The promoter was Jack Ross and D. Perkins was the M. C.

There were a number of notable visitors who attended this card. These men included: Alex Turk; Maurice Smith. Sports Editor of the Winnipeg Free Press; Johnny Buss, City Editor of the Winnipeg Tribune; Al Passman Blue Bomber Lineman; the Fathers of St. Paul's College. And all seemed to enjoy the fights.

"Well, you said I had to choose, didn't you?" demanded the husband in bed with his golf clubs.

"A Mari Usque Ad Mare"

by A. Seguin

"The wholesome sea is at her gates her gates both east and west." These words may be read above the main entrance of our Parliament Buildings in Ottawa.

On the first of July 1953, the Dominion of Canada celebrates its eighty sixth anniversary. Eighty-six years of progress, both in size and in prestige, bringing about the culmination of the dream of our Fathers of Confederation - the development of the Canadian Nation.

The transition from the Colonial status to nationhood was not,however, spontaneous. It came as a result of long struggles and as a reward for undaunted determination. Canada with her cosmopolitan population, people of different faiths and incrongruous racial and national origins, faced a problem like no other country ever encountered,

In a period of less than forty years after Confederation, Canada had extended her borders from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a feat unsurpassed in the history of the world. The great task of forging to the west had been accomplished and, true to her motto, Canada's territories extended from sea to sea.

The most salient result of Confederation was the development of National Loyalty. Canadians became interested in all sections of the Dominion and realized the possibilities of their country, industrially, and financially. National patriotism was aroused, Canada had made a place for herself on the map of the world, her voice has to be heard in all corners of the world, her prestige had grown and Canada found herself on the threshold of Nationhood. This national patriotism, however, did not weaken her strong ties with the Mother-Country. While the Goverment leaders, at the beginning of the Twentieth Century, were essentially Canadians, they demonstrated a great attachment, a great loyalty and a great love for the Crown of England.

The twentieth century, however, was most instrumental in the shaping of Canada as we know it today. Immigrants from Europe were attracted by this new world's possibilities and, for definite political or economic reasons, took refuge in the "Granary of the World." While the newcomers who came from Britain were quickly assimilated into Canadian ways, those from continental Europe became somewhat of a problem. Customs, language and system of government were strange to newcomers and the task of re-education was tremendous. Tolerance and

a strong spirit of determination were the answers to the ultimate assimilation of these people.

This century was one of economic developments which surpassed the achievements of other countries of proportional population. Industry and Commerce were encouraged and progressive agricultural methods instituted. Canadian products found their way to the markets of the world. Water resources, well distributed from sea to sea, made Canadian hydro-electric development the largest and the finest in the world, supplying cheap electric power to demanding industry and to urban and rural users.

Politically, Canadian people may pride themselves for their choice of leaders whose wisdom brought prosperity. Strong legislation was instituted assuring the welfare of the people and protecting their rights and liberty.

Confederation Day now belongs to History. Canada has grown, reached maturity and has become a Nation. Extending from Vancouver Island---playground of Canada; across the strait of Georgia into British Columbia ---land of the Douglas Fir; through the oil fields of Alberta; the plains of Saskatchewan and Manitoba--- the granary of the world; to the head of the Great Lakes --- home of the largest grain elevator in the British Empire; through the timber lands of Northern Ontario, to the mining centres of Eastern Ontario; south to Toronto --- the great commercial, industrial and financial district, centre of the Canadian British Empire; to Ottawa - - - home of our National Government and home of our great Nation; to Montreal - - - the Metropolis - - - city of churches, centre of education, leader in Canadian finance, fortress of French traditions, the most cosmopolitan city where French and English have learnt to live in complete harmony respecting each other's rights and traditions; along the majestic St. Lawrence river to Quebec City --- cradle of our nation, historical city where Wolfe and Montcalm laid down their lives for their respective mother land; across the river and through the Gaspe Peninsula into the Maritime provinces---cradle of our Confederation; New Brunswick with its lumber and paper mills; Nova Scotia---land of Evangeline, deeply engraved in the hearts of the French and a sour note to the ears of the English; across the Northumberland Strait to Prince Edward Island---garden of the gulf; across the gulf to New Foundland---jewel of the Atlantic . . . traditionally British. . the latest addition to our Confederation and the pride of our Atlantic coast, such is our Canada of to-day, the land of freedom and of highest possibilities; stronghold of democracy in a world harassed by the false ideo logies of Eastern Europe and Western Asia.

With her neighbor of the south, the United States of America, the friendliest relations have been established which are most beneficial to the two countries. The three thousand miles imaginary boundry line existing between the two countries is a phenomenon of human understanding and an example of strong international relationship such as never existed, and probably never will, between any other

two countries of the world.

On the second day of June, Elizabeth II was crowned Queen of Canada. A new era has begun, an era in which Canada may look forward with faith and confidence in her future prosperity. May that spirit of co-operation with other British Nations and other Democratic Nations of the world be strengthened so that a lasting peace may be restored to this so-called civilized world. May Canada be the leading Nation in bringing about the spirit of Unity the world needs in our present days of strife, confusion and spiritual decadence.

If Canada's achievements since Confederation are any indication as to what the future may bring, we may confidently expect a great era of prosperity and we may gratefully be proud of being what we are - - - Canadians - - citizens of the greatest, the best and the most promising land in the world.

On this first of July, let us be proud of our Nation and, with the poet Agnes Maule Macher, let us repeat the words of her great poem:

Long may our "Greater Britain" stand
The bulwark of the free;
But Canada, our own dear land,
Our first love is for thee.
God bless our own Canadian land
Of mountain, lake and river;
The chorus ring from strand to strand
Of "Canada Forever".

MOTHERED or SMOTHERED

"I don't know whether to marry a woman ten years older than myself or one that's ten years younger."

"That depends on whether you want to be mothered, or smotherd."

★ ★ ★

With the apartments getting smaller and smaller, soon a man will have to marry a wifette to live in one of them.

Bindery Talk

TINY BITS

by Rover

They tell me that a guy named Mickey, who resides in St. Vincent de Paul is indirectly responsible for one of our fighters, Blackie Houde. It seems that it was the knowhow of Mickey that aided Blackie in becoming such a classy fighter.

PILFERED.

"Sign your name here," the warden directed one of the inmates.

Can't do it, replied the man.

"Why not?"

"Don't know how to write."

The warden looked surprized. "Your record says that you're here for forgery," he said.

"That's right," nodded the prisoner.

"How's that, when you can't write?

"I've been thinking about that myself," said the inmate. "I think I must have a rotten lawyer."

A fat woman on a crowded bus stepped on the foot of an irritable man who was trying to read his newspaper.

"Madam", he said coldly, "Will you kindly get of my foot."

"Put your foot where it belongs," she replied sharply.

"Don't tempt me, madam, don't tempt me," he muttered.

"She laughed when I sat down to play, How was I to know that she was ticklish?"

Hector's mother-in-law can't understand why he goes into hysterics every time she kisses him on the cheek.

She doesn't know about his plastic surgery with skin grafted from his lower anatomy.

In Bedford, Ind. where bank officials took one look at the signature "U. R. Hooked" on a $10.37 check deposited by a local grocer, returned it to him with a note below the sign. ature saying, "You sure are."

A school-teacher wrote to the parents of a little boy: "Your boy, Charles, shows signs of astigmatism. Will you please investigate and try to correct it?

The next morning, she received a reply from the boy's father who wrote: "I don't exactly understand what Charlie has done, but I have walloped him tonight, and you can wallop him tomorrow. That ought to help some."

Third Annu

Fiel

by S

The Stony Mountain Third Annual Field Day proved to be as everyone expected, a huge success. Throughout the entire slate of events, competition was keen and a pleasing sportsmanlike attitude prevailed. I cannot say at this writing whether any new records were established in any one event. However if they were not, it was not for a lack of trying by the various contestants. All entrants competed well and showed their best.

HIGHLIGHTS

The base running was closely contested and was won by Cote. Time: 10.5 seconds. Holing won the baseball throw with a toss that measured 260 feet. A mighty heave in any track and field meet. Brothers easily won the high jump, clearing the bar at 5 feet with plenty to spare. The *Cards* won the 440 yard relay with a time of 1 minute and 11 seconds. Kehler threw the hammer 71 feet to win that event. Benning cleared 33 feet to win the hop step and jump. Montgomery heaved the shot putt 36 feet, tossed the 56 lb high throw 12 feet towards the sky. Papp won the half mile, coving the distance in 3 minutes.

The event that pleased the crowd most was the Pie Eating Contest. Kaban came up the winner in this one. Not only did he eat more pie than anyone else, he also spread it around more. When time was called, he even had pie in his ears, and that my friends is really getting down to it.

On behalf of the contestants and spectators we wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation to Mr. Alex Boyle and Mr. Hart Devenny, Manitoba Sports Director for their excellent supervision and aid to yours truly and Benninger for running off the schedule of events for the day.

Sports and Day

ooper

Benning won the distinction of being the "Athlete of the Day," and was presented with the "DIOTTE TROPHY," which was donated by Mr. Rene Diotte for annual competition.

The *Cardinal* group collected the highest aggregate of points for the day's events and was presented with the "ALEX TURK TROPHY," which was donated for annual group competition by Mr. Alex Turk.

The "McKINNEY TROPHY" was presented to Jack Stevens for chaperoning the Cardinal group to victory. This trophy was donated by McKinney & Co. Ltd., and is the annual Group Captain Trophy.

The presentations were made by Mr. Alex Turk M. L. A., who congratulated the winners on their sterling efforts.

To wind up the day, the Giants played a softball game with the Army supplying the opposition. Pilon tossed a one hitter and the Giants won 7-0.

A special vote of thanks goes out to Mr. H. Darby, Father Bedford, Rev. Mc.Neil, the Sports Committee, Starters, Timers, Refreshment Vendors, Announcers, Equipment Men and Technicians for their combined efforts towards making the field day the huge success that it was.

Among those deserving honorable mention is Steve Bolonchuk, former Heavyweight Boxing Champion of Manitoba. Steve showed well in a number of events and was just beat out for the honor of "Athlete of the Day". He earned many valuable points for the Leafs group. Brown was second in the ball throw. Pop Gagnon fell before he finished the Old Men's Race. George King won this event.

Delinquents or Seekers

by Lee Sweeney *via Presidio*

Almost every time a newspaper crosses my desk these days it carries at least one story concerning a so-called juvenile delinquent. And for every case of delinquency there are at least one thousand opinions as to the causes of this national problem. To date, there seems to be two schools of thougt on the subject. First, to advance a lot of damn-fool theories, and second, to bury our heads in the sand, ostrichlike, and by not seeing or hearing of this trend, to deny that it exists, even though it is carrying more and more of our young people into reformatories (which are anything but what the name implies) and even into our prisons.

Now I've been around this planet almost fifty years, and I'll admit that we also had a bit of juvenile delinquency when I was a sprout. In those days you were a delinquent if you skipped school consistently, stayed out after curfew or gave the old man too much back talk. And of course, there was a bit of stealing--but show me the boy who never stole an apple off a cart or a convenient tree, or who never "borrowed" a cookie, cracker or hunk of candy when a storekeeper wasn't looking. Show me such a boy and I'll lay you odds that he's a sick youngster.

Sure we raised our share of devilment back in the old days of the horse and buggy and the Model "T". And when we got too big for our britches or a little too sassy, the old man would tan us but good, and while Mom wouldn't let him take picks on us, still when we were wrong she'd pitch in and give Pop a hand. Afterwards the remaining brothers and sisters would commiserate with the one chastened knowing full well that their time would come also for a dose of palm of hand to seat of pants therapy.

I'm not going on record now or ever as advocating this or any other type of punishment as a solution to today's juvenile problem. But I would like to

say that along with our punishments of yesterday that we got a lot of plain, old fashioned love and affection from our folks, and they always seemed to have time enough to romp with us, hunt and fish with us, enjoy the things we enjoyed and to take a lot of pride in the little trifling things we accomplished. And our folks knew every kid in the neighborhood and every kid knew them.

Those neighborhoods were something to remember. We knew every family secret, how much every dad in the neighborhood made, and whose mother made the best doughnuts. Let a truant or peace officer enter the neighborhood and he was about as welcome as a revenue agent in Kentucky. For the clans would gather and tell the lawman what a good kid Willie or Johnnie or Joe was, and dammit, to keep his big fat nose out of affairs that the family and neighborhood could darn well settle by themselves. After this, the miscreant youngster not only "caught it" from Mom and the old man, but he also went on the neighborhood probation with every other father acting especially nice to him but letting him know in so many words that they were keeping an eye on him and not to slip. And then the Moms would see that he got the biggest piece of cake or largest glass of lemonade when giving handouts to the kids in the block.

I've seen a lot of kids in my almost fifty years. And I'd like to say that the youngsters of today, with all their cars, motorbikes, T.V. sets and unlimited amounts of spending money, are still unfortunate. Because a lot of them are lacking the two things we oldsters had in abundance, parental and family love. In the world of today how many dads are pals to their sons? How many mothers plan the little get-to-gethers in the home for their own and the neighborhood kids? And do mom and pop, not individually but together, try to understand the problems of teenage daughters and sons, and in trying to understand, make an effort to do so from the youngster's viewpoints rather than their own? And actually, how many mothers and fathers today work twenty-four hours each and every day at being parents?

Somewhere along the way we've lost something and the kids have the dubious distinction of being the sole benificiaries of that loss. We have lost that thing known as the close-knit family and the interested neighborhood--- the neighborhood where every father and mother looked upon not only their children but those of their neighbor with paternal and maternal eyes. This was the neighborhood where the butcher, the baker, the storekeeper and the druggist could call a couple of hundred kids by their first names. And when one of the youngsters in such a neighborhood won a spelling contest, hit a homerun or made a touchdown in a high school game or did something meritorious the mothers and dads and the tradesmen as well, beamed with pride. For this was one of *their* boys.

To every parent who reads these lines, let me ask: "How many people do you know in your own block and in the blocks on either side of you? How many grocery clerks or store

cont'd on page 22

Hints

For Prospective Writers.

by R. Belloff

The masthead of the "Mountain Echoes" states in a short paragraph the main reason for its existence namely that "it is desired that this magazine provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and medium for discussion of public problems, to serve for the promotion of useful thought and activity within the institution."

We are naturally very much interested in receiving from the inmates of this institution as many articles as possible, in order to make this magazine a true mirror of the thoughts and ideas of those for whom it was created. Writing an article or a story is not very hard. The hardest part of writing is to find the right subject. It has to be of general interest and presented in such a way that the readers will not become disinterested after the opening paragraph. What to write about often perplexes prospective new writers. There is humor, mystery, adventure, tragedy, poetry and subjects relating to prisoners or prisons, the general behavior of the inmates and conditions directly or indirectly affecting the lives of all inmates. Another subject, which however has to be approached very carefully is personal experiences of one kind or another. The latter may be of very great interest to the writer himself, but without the slightest interest to the average reader.

Once the writer has found his subject, it is necessary to make a sketch of it, proceeding from paragraph to paragraph, treating the different phases of the story. No writer can sit down at a typewriter and write a story from start to finish and expect that he has written something worthwhile. Just like in any other profession, he has to gain experience by trial and error and it takes many starts before something polished has been accomplished. Writing is a discouraging art at the beginning, but can become a wonderful pastime once the first discouragements have been overcome. What does it matter if the first manuscripts have been rejected. Anyone who has something worthwhile to say will eventually find a publisher and by keeping up the good work confidence in one's own ability will grow and eventually be rewarded.

Once you have made up your mind to write, don't try to look up subjects in books. They are usually already in your mind, just sit down and start to express yourself. Naturally you should be able to write fairly good English, but don't worry if the words don't seem to flow freely. Patience in writing is one of the biggest essentials. If

your subject is of sufficient interest and you have presented it the best way you knew how, don't get mad if if the editor re-writes it before he publishes it. He is responsible for the publication and naturally wants to bring out as good a magazine as possible and the fact that he has used your subject should prove to you that you had something to say. Read the re-written story or article carefully, note the changes and compare them with your original, in that way you learn how to do better next time. Never get discouraged, Rome was not built in one day, neither can you become a writer with the first article. When you report on any events at which you were present, stick strictly to the facts, don't forget there were other people present, who may be reading your article. Should you decide to write a critical article on any activity or institutional rule, give constructive criticism, show where in your opinion it could be bettered, don't be abusive as you only defeat your purpose that way. Constructive criticism is always appreciated and many improvements have been attained through it.

Now that you are prepared to write, get out those fountain pens and pencils and send us your efforts. Don't forget the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try and try again.

Do You Help?

By STEVE BOLONCHUK

Are you a real good fellow?
The kind the gang would miss?
Or are you just contented
To lay back, dream and wish?

Do you contribute your share
And mingle with the flock,
Or sit down on your fanny
To critisize and knock?

Do you take an active part
To help the gang along?
Or are you rather satisfied
To leave it all to John?

Do you ever hold up your end?
Or beef and say you're sick,
And leave the work to just a few
Then talk about a clique?

Think this over fella,
There's something you can do;
A chain is as strong as it's weakest link
And that link in our chain may be you.

INNOCENT
until proven
GUILTY

ROUND the MOUNTAIN

by S. Severson

The following letter is a reprint from the Correspondence Section of the Canadian Churchman, official organ of the Anglican Church in Canada.

Dear Sir:

For the last two or three weeks, I have so far waited in vain for a single voice to be lifted in protest against the new law (revision of the Criminal Code), debated in Ottawa, doing away with every right and freedom of the citizen granted and enjoyed by the English speaking peoples of the world since the days of the Magna Carta. I refer to the law, wherein any mayor, reeve or higher civic official can arrest anyone at anytime without warrant, on suspicion, even if no crime has been reported, or as yet commited. The old maxim was that a man was deemed innocent until proven guilty. The proposed law reverses this, reading, a man is deemed guilty until proven innocent,

Point two of this great Canadian law is that, while until now, an arrested person had to appear before a magistrate or judge within 24 hours of his arrest and be either charged or released, now, the arresting forces have the right and power to keep the arrested person (without warrant) for as long as they wish, without interview being granted to lawyers, family or judge.

This as you see does away with every right and freedom of the citizen, habeas corpus and all, and not one voice has been lifted in protest to defend the freedom once so cherished that men fought and died for it. I have not the space nor the time to explain all the implications, horrors and deadly dangers contained in this law, but even this brief resume should be enough to make people realize what is being done to them. How low the Canadian sense of Justice, Freedom and Honour must have sunk!

Regretfully yours,
H.R. Tandler

Mr. Tandler does not say who he is or what is his business, but from the letter it appears he, (he or she) is interested in Canada's future and freedom. But Mr. Tandler, it seems, has failed to realize that the citizens of Canada are seldom if ever informed of even the nature of law changes and have little or no say in such matters.

Were this bill to pass a third reading and become law, (it has already passed the second reading) and there

is no reason to suppose it will not be pushed through, Canada then will be firmly established as an up and coming dictatorship. For it was by just such sneak law tactics that Hitler Germany and other dictator infected countries smothered the free voice of thinking citizens. Today the abolishment of habeas corpus---tomorrow the iron fist and after that the flood.

In Korea the dough boys fight for freedom. Me thinks that some of that energy could be better utilized in keeping the home front free, otherwise the boys may return to a country unfit to live in.

Guilty

by A. RITCHIE

The Jury found me guilty,
I stepped up to the stand.
The Judge gazed down upon me,
A paper in his hand.

He said, "My Son, it grieves me,
To see you here today.
A crime has been committed,
And you are called to pay.

Two years you must serve my son,
And when your time is o'er,
I hope you've learned your lesson,
And pass in court no more.

For Crime has never paid lad,
As you will plainly see.
When you have entered Prison Gates,
And lost your Liberty."

or store owners in your community do you know by either their first or last names? And if a group of children passed your house while you were sitting on the front porch, how many could you identify as neighborhood youngsters? And how many of these children would say hello to you and call you by your name?

During the last war, and while employed as a foreman in a plant devoted to Army ordnance' I found a number of youngsters working five hours daily for me on the "Victory" shift. Many of these boys were making more money than had their fathers at the time they (the fathers) were married. One of these boys on an open house day, during which the public was invited to visit war plants, conducted his parents through our factory. When they finally reached our department both parents took a polite but obviously casual interest when shown the machine upon which their son worked. They did remark that the smell of raw leather was not to their liking. And as they were leaving, the boy's father remarked: "You'd better pick up something to eat at the restaurant when yon get off work as your mother and I won't be home for supper."

It was apparent at a glance that this youngster was deeply hurt at the lack of interest shown by his parents in his work. I guess he'd grown used to eating away from home as I learned later that both of his parents always seemed to have somewhere to go and little time to spend at home.

One Sunday morning I invited this same lad to go squirrel hunting with me. In the woods he seemed like another person, just a happy, carefree kid. When we drove back to town my wife persuaded him to have dinner with us. Never having had any children of our own we enjoyed the presence of this bright youngster at our table. But that one, small incident did something to him. From that day on he followed me around like a homeless puppy and he literally worshiped my wife. It wasn't too long before he was spending more time in our home than in his own, We needed no psychiatrist or child specialist to tell us this boy was just plain starved for affection. And that he liked and that those things that could be found in a home where people had the time to visit with one another; the time to sympathize with failure and the time to applaud and commend successes.

Lots and lots of times I get to wondering just how many yonngsters have the same wants and desires, and not finding them in their homes, turn to precarious pursuits for diversion, always seeking those two things which cost nothing and yet are priceless---- love and affection.

The man with "money to burn" usually meets his match.

Raps Inadequate Use Of Probation System

Edmonton (CP)....The former deputy commisioner of Canadian penitentiaries says too many persons go to jail with resultant hardship and suffering to families because most courts make inadequate use of the probation system,

Joseph McCulley, now warden of Hart House, student centre at the University of Toronto, said in an address here that every province should develop an effective adult probation system.

"Local jails are poor examples of modern prison knowledge," he said. "Persons awaiting trial, convicted prisoners and first offenders, old and young, spend the bulk of their time in unproductive idleness with a minimum of segregation.

"This tends to aggravate the problems of treatment if such individuals are later transfered to provincial jails, reformatories or penitentiaries."

Mr. McCulley said Canada also had a need for greater use of the parole system. Experienced prison administrators were well aware that a prisoner comes to a certain point where he is a better risk for release than he would be later on.

NEED FAIR CHANCE.

It was no use providing better treatment for prisoners unless they could be assured of a fair chance to earn a living and to resume their place in society.

"The final test of the effectiveness of any prison system is at the moment of the return of the prisoner to society," Mr. McCully said. "The responsibilities for proper treatment at that stage is a purely personal and individual responsibility which should lie heavily on the consciences of all of us who call ourselves citizens of a humane and enlightened society."

"At times the court respond to an hysterical public outburst at some particular crimes or series of crimes by awardiny heavy deterrent sentences. Within the same jurisdiction there are frequently wide disparities of sentenece for similar offences.

"It should be a maxim that punishment --- if such it is to be called---should fit the criminal and not merely the crime."

An adequate solution to the problem has to be approached by providing more pre-sentence investigation with intelligent recommendation for treatment before sentence and not after. More adequate provision might be made within Canada's legal and judicial procedure for a review of sentences which seemed excessive.

(Interlude by Night cont.)

ticking of the clock on the wall--- and the beating of his own heart.

"More coffee? Second on the house."

"Yeah."

"Swell girl," indicating the door.

"Yeah."

"We're gonna get married soon as I can save enough money."

"Yeah."

"We'd a got married last year, but I got held up. The guy took everything I had. We almost got enough saved again,"

This guy must keep all his dough right here on him! The man's hand tightened with anticipation on the gun in his pocket.

Carefully, casually, he looked around him. Instantly the gun was out of his pocket and thrust at the startled waiter.

"Here, take this---somebody else might try to stick you up."

The door slammed behind him as he vanished into the wet stillness of the night---the girl's laughter ringing in his ears.

BATHING BRIEFS

Today's bathing suits can probably be best described as what a girl wears to umphasize her curves,

The young man took the gorgeous blonde home from the dance. "I'd like to see more of you," he whispered tensely. "You can," she promised. "I'm going swimming tomorrow."

No wonder women go for card games. They are just like love. The Queen always follows the Jack.

Things I'd Like To See

by S. C. Smith

A bun big enough to surround one of those eighteen inch weiners.

Someone in authority realize that our discharge suits are not waterproof, then come up with a cheap raincoat to protect men being discharged in the rain.

The guys who deliberately break bottles realize that they are hurting no one but themselves through their canteen profits.

All those who profess to be interested in the parole and rehabilitation problem read Mr. Joe McCulley's article which is reprinted in this issue of the Echo... then do something about it.

"Bumpire" Gunn stop cadging butts whilst attempting to call balls and strikes.

A certain weary policeman, an Inspector trying to climb,
Forget about the bingo games and comic books of crime.
Take a look at Polo Park, the Stock Exchange et al.
There's bigger fish, dear officer! Let's get on the ball!

Dudley Perkins recieve the proper thanks and consideration he so rightly deserves for handling the Master Of Ceremonies job. Especially since no one else can, nor will handle the job as well as Perkins.

Someone in Canada set up an organization following the same line as "The Court of Last Resort" which Argosy magazine has developed.

A new deal in letter writing and receiving privileges.

Our umpires realize Dudley Perkins is not throwing an illegal ball. The only way he can get his arm past his oversize girth, is to deliver side arm.

"Look At My Stomache" Pacey, finally made that home run. I've seen him stretch two home-runs into triples.

Maurice Smith pick the Yanks to win the pennant. If you miss on that one Maurice, there's absolutely no hope.

Someone explain to the South Koreans that they have arrived at an honorable armistice, then try to convince them.

STONY MOUNTAIN GIANTS

June 7th

A.N.A.F. No. 60 - 1
Giants - 4

A.N.A.F. No. 60 came in loaded for bear and with such a grim determination to win, that Pilon started to work in earnest with the very first ball he pitched and kept it up throughout the game. He struck ont 15 batters and was never in trouble.

For five innings Nick Burdy baffled the Giant siege guns with a very deceptive slow ball, a medium change of pace, and a fast breaking curve.

Then came the fateful sixth. Ceretti singled, Benning singled, Towle bunted safely to put three ducks on the pond. Bolonchuk hit a ground rule double and that was the ball game. Burdy then settled down, and struck out Pilon, Gunn popped out and Klan grounded out, but the damage was already done.

June 14th.

Fort Rouge Legion - 1
Giants - 11

Sunday, saw the Giants continue in their mastery of visiting teams of the Winnipeg Legion Softball League, Once again Pilon was his amiable self and showed par form in setting down 17 batters via the "Whiff route." He also contributed a home run to help his own cause.

Brisco, the starting Legion pitcher lasted for six innings, when he was shelled from the mound with a barrage of Giant hits and a basketful of supporting errors. His successor who was Mulner, fared no better.

The biggest gift of the game was a three base steal by Bolonchuk on a dropped third strike. For the visitors the Bridle Bros. and Gunan showed best. Bird, and Klan were the pick of the Giants.

Batteries: Brisco, Mulner (7) Root, Pilon, Ceretti.

June 21st.

Prince Edward Legion - 0
Giants - 3

Sunday, proved to be a dismal day in more ways than one for the Prince Edward Legionaires. Amid cloudy skies, Pilon proved to all, why he is reputed to be the best softball pitcher in the West, in gaining his second no-hitter of the season.

Never again will Pilon come so close to pitching a perfect game as he did today. He faced only 28 batters, a dropped third strike put a lone legionaire on base. No hits...No walks... Struck out 19..... How good can you get?

Batteries: Eckstine, Dallinger.
Pilon, Ceretti.

DIAMOND CHATTER

by S. Cooper

After a very slow and somewhat dismal start, "old sol" finally came out from behind the clouds and blessed all baseball players and enthusiasts with ideal playing weather.

Up until the end of May, the calibre of ball being displayed by both leagues was very mediocre to say the least, and it was obvious that something would have to be done. Commissioner Slavin, in order to improve both leagues, passed the necessary Legislation to enable the Giants to take an active part in the A league. This move strengthened the league immeasurably, and as a result, the brand of ball now being played is a 400% improvement,

WITH the LEAGUES

No longer do the Bucs and Cards just play for the practice. Every game is now a battle, which is the way it should be. At this writing, the Cards are leading the A league by one half game.

The B league is now shaping up and beginning to look like something besides a three-ring circus. The Bucs for a change are starting to play ball, and show why they are on top of their division. For the past two weeks, the Cards have gone into a deep sleep. Ignat is tearing out his hair (a thing that he can ill afford to do) in an effort to stumble on some sort of a winning combination. Pete Procille's Leafs are beginning to roll in earnest, and should be a major factor in the league from now on. Appel (no relation to the great Luke) seems to have his team (Dodgers) hitting on all fours. All in all the B league is shaping up very well, and show definite signs of being able to play a competitive style of ball.

PENITENTIARY GUARDS MAKE SHAKY DEBUT

Wednesday June 10th, 1953, saw baseball history made here at the "Mountain". For the first time in local sporting circles. inmates were allowed to participate in a game at which officers of the institution were the opposition. The inmate team was composed of a group of elderly chaps, commonly known as D. A.'s. The officers team was under the managership of Fred Snell. When the smoke of battle had cleared away, and the tears had been dried, the score-board read D. A's.-17, Officers-4. Snell took over the pitching duties in the 6th. At that point it could not have mattered less.

From a spectator point of view, the game measured up to expectations, and was well received by the crowd. Everyone who saw the game had lots of laughs and thoroughly enjoyed the comedy of errors which they saw unfold before their eyes.

Penal Echo-ettes

PATHFINDER. Better, much better every time out. Your "On Correspondence" a fitting topic. Surely someone will take note sooner or later? I agree, Vince is better at hockey, used to be a fair to middlin' ball manager at one time. Duhamel, had a fair start on that bay window last time I saw him.

TELE-SCOPE. "When Punishment Becomes A Crime" by Sam Carr caught my fancy. B.W. Sludgebottom's article on "The Woman In The Case" is another worthy of note. His solution to the problem is the thing which I am all for. Why confine the solution to K P. ? Put my name at the head of the list of your Western Quota for those wishing to sit "under the watchful eye of a near-sighted matron." A splendid thought.

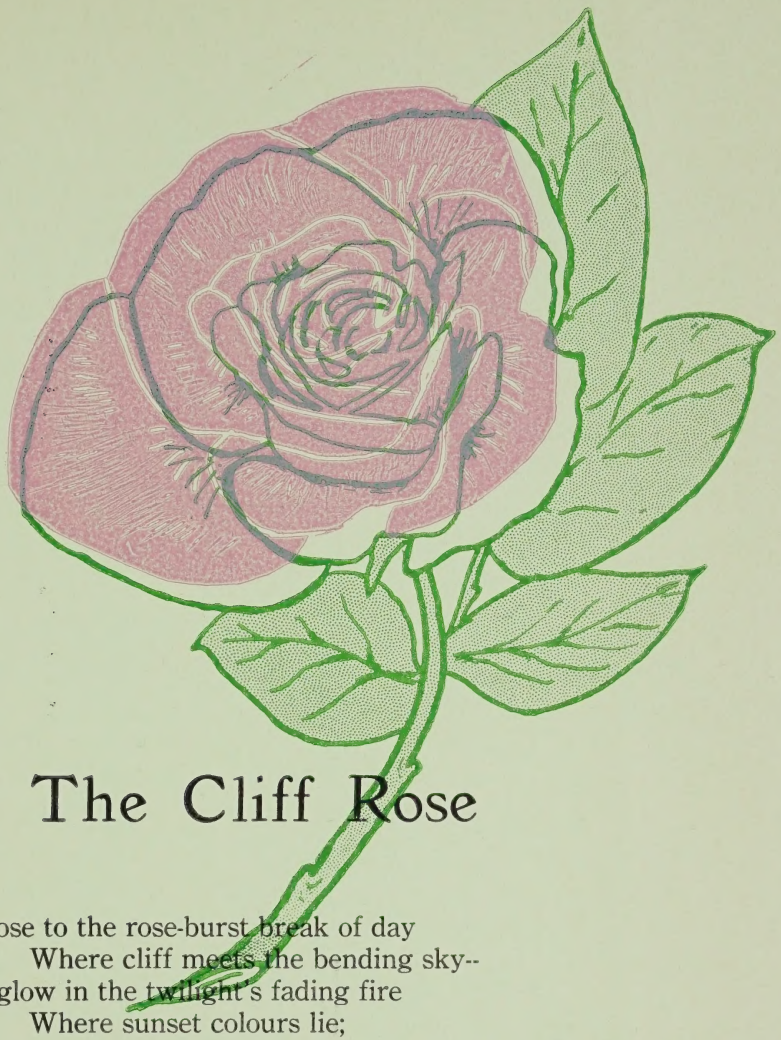
FEMININE FEATURES. Hope you're getting our copies, gals. You're right about the canoes, we're really using them this year. Looking for some news and maybe pictures of the Angels, Bless 'em.

BEACON. What's the matter? Nothing from you since the tide went out. We like your publication and look forward to your progress. Self-effort is always a pleasure to behold. Whether we agree or not, exchanges are just that.

THE NEW ERA. Your special issue, Mother's Day is a dandy. "What Price Forgiveness" by James A. Hixon, is true, so true in every word. Congrats on your covers, always the best.

STILL LOOKING For San Quentin News and Atlantian, plus other penal exchanges. That's what the word means, I believe? Exchange. We keep asking and sending ours? Even way up here in the far north, we have postal service

C.B. DIAMOND. Hope B. DeCoste making out O.K. We just received his subscription for one year to our publication. Don't let people get you down. Maybe you have made some mistakes, but these places are full of people who have also done just that...made mistakes.



The Cliff Rose

Rose to the rose-burst break of day
Where cliff meets the bending sky--
Aglow in the twilight's fading fire
Where sunset colours lie;

Poised on the perilous edge of light,
From passionate life out-blown,
On the withered face of the moutain-wall,
Slender and fair, alone;

Beyond the reach of the eager hand,
Greeting the day's bright crown
With tender sway of a cradled bud
Or a petal fluttered down;

Hung like a flame 'twixt cliff and sky
Where never a foot has trod,
Your pure grace blooms as a kiss of Earth
Upheld to the lips of God.

by E.P. Fewster

Warden's Files